

COLEMAN MINER

Volume 2, No. 30

Coleman, Alberta, Friday, July 30, 1909

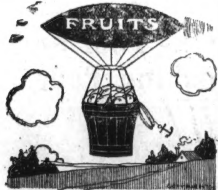
\$2 00 Yearly

THE COLEMAN DRUG COMPANY

WISH to inform their numerous patrons that after Monday next, August 2nd, they will vacate the building now occupied by them on the corner of Main and Central Avenue and will move into the store next door east of the Cabinet Cigar Store, where they will carry a large stock of high-grade Drugs and best quality Stationery and where larger accommodation will be available for their throng of happy customers. The result of our immense business can only be attributed to our motto: "Best Quality Goods, Courteous Treatment and Moderate Prices."

H. A. PARKS, Proprietor

The Palm



I CAN BUY AT THE PALM

Cucumbers Gooseberries
Beans Peas
Peaches Red Currants
Lettuce Tomatoes
Cherries Bananas
Oranges Lemons
Plums Etc., etc.

Everything at Lowest Prices

W. L. Bridgeford

THE Pastime Pool Room

Is the place to spend your leisure hours. All admit that more pleasure is derived from a game of Pool or Billiards than any other indoor amusement.

We stock the highest grades of imported Cigars and Cigarettes. Our line of Pipes, Tobaccos and smokers sundries is complete.

We solicit a share of your patronage.

Alex. Morrison & Co.

Some "Ifs" If you come our way and overflowing values your way. If you leave a \$ with us it is merely exchanging the money for its equivalent in jewelry certainties. What we give you will be as sound and genuine as the money. If you are a careful spender this store will appeal to you on the score of economy. If you're anxious to secure goods which aren't afraid of the class scrutiny this is a good place to come. It is a good place to come to for every reason that makes one store better than another. Glad to greet you at any time.

Alex. Cameron

Watchmaker, Optician
and Issuer of Marriage Licenses

COLEMAN JOTTINGS

Happenings of Interest in and Around This Bustling Town.

You Are Talked About

We shall thank our readers for all items of interest which they may be able to furnish us for publication. Phone 94A. P.O. Box 75

FOR RENT—Two rooms in the Cameron Block.

Colin Macleod came up from Macleod on Saturday.

J. S. Piper of Macleod came to Coleman on Monday.

T. H. Hinton came up from Pincher Creek on Tuesday.

J. E. Upton came up from Pincher Creek on Thursday.

Earnest Marks of Lethbridge was in town on Wednesday.

The Coleman Mercantile Co., Ltd., is unloading a car of oats.

Knights of the grip are very plentiful around town just now.

James McNeill left on Wednesday for an extended trip to several of the coast cities.

Mrs. Buchanan and Miss Mazel Rochester returned from Spokane on Saturday last.

John George, adirector of the Rocky Mountain Cement Co., Blairmore, was in town this week.

The large addition to the Coleman hotel, under the supervision of E. Disney, is progressing rapidly.

Go to W. L. Ouimette for new potatoes, new cabbage, new beets, new turnips, new carrots, plums, peaches and apples.

T. B. Brandon and J. D. S. Barrett, spent Sunday at Fernie. The latter returned to town on Monday morning by the flyer.

Mrs. J. Thompson of New Michel and daughter Miss Pickering were visiting town last week as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. Hadfield.

D. A. Simpson made a business trip to Lethbridge on Saturday and returned to town on Monday. Mr. Simpson says that Lethbridge is growing rapidly.

The Dixie Troubadours gave an interesting performance in the Opera house here on Monday night last. They were greeted by a large and well-pleased audience.

Mrs. A. E. Knowles and son arrived from the north of England on Tuesday after a pleasant trip of eleven days. Mrs. Knowles will reside here in future with her husband.

P. M. Boak, who was formerly in the employ of the 41 Meat Market, here, was in town this week. Mr. Boak thinks that in addition to the coal mining there are other big industries in store for Coleman.

H. A. Parks' business has grown so extensively that he has engaged a larger store and has increased his splendid stock of drugs and stationery. After the last of this month he will occupy the store formerly occupied by W. L. Bridgeford, next door east of the Cabinet Cigar Store and Barber Shop.

SLAV TOWN CASTS IN ITS LOT WITH COLEMAN

Big Meeting Held at Slav Town and Question of Joining With Coleman Fully Discussed--Mayor Cameron Speaks--A Largely Signed Petition

RESIDENTS OF BOTH TOWNS HAPPY

Residents of the MINER are aware of the desire that existed among the residents of Slav Town for some time past to be incorporated with Coleman, as they were laboring under disabilities which incorporation alone could remedy.

A petition to that effect was presented to the council, which met with a favorable reception, but could not be acted upon until certain arrangements with the Alberta government were completed. Meanwhile the town council worked steadily on the project and at length were in a position to act, when to their surprise they were informed that other proposals were made Slav town through other sources which are attractive though not practical. Mayor Cameron and councillor McDonald interviewed some of the leading citizens of Slav Town and were informed very frankly who were Slav Town's new formed friends and their promise, also that a meeting of the citizens was to be held in two days to discuss the new petition. Mr. Cameron asked the privilege of being present and that a representative from the other party be invited to attend also with the result that both parties received an invitation.

The meeting was held, Mr. Cameron was there but after a protracted delay, no one appeared to uphold petition No. 2. The matter in all its phases was fully discussed in a frank and friendly manner. All questions were answered by Mr. Cameron in a way which could not be misunderstood; for instance when the matter of a hotel and wholesale liquor license came up, the reply was, "Gentlemen, neither I or the council can help or hinder you. It is a matter for the government, the inspector and the commissioners to deal with." The license law was fully explained, as was also the school law, in fact nothing was overlooked which had any bearing upon the matter in question, with the result that a committee of two was appointed to meet the council on Monday last when the subject was signed by the respective parties.

In the matter of incorporation of west Coleman annex, commonly known by the name of Slav town, to the village of Coleman.

We, the Council of the said village of Coleman, do agree when said incorporation is legally consummated.

1st.—To make a road or street to the afore said Slav town through the rock or cliff so as to connect it to our village. Work to begin in August or as soon thereafter as agreement is made between the C. P. R. and the municipality of Coleman for right of way; and

2nd.—To light said community as soon as lamps can be secured, and put in a supply of water so soon as new system is completed. Also to petition the minister of education of the province of Alberta for power to erect, equip and establish a public ward school, the same to take effect on the approval of the said minister of education.

It was moved by councillor Graham, seconded by councillor MacDonald, that the chairman and clerk be hereby authorized to sign said agreement on behalf of the village of Coleman, carried.

Signed on behalf of the Village of Coleman,
ALEX CAMERON, Chairman,
CHAS. OUIMETTE, Secretary.

Signed on behalf of the property owners of Coleman West Annex, or Slav Town,

WILLIAM JOHN BELLA,
WILLIAM ASHURST.

(Signed)

WILLIAM JOHN BELLA,
WILLIAM ASHURST.

And thirty-two others.
W. J. Bella signed the following affidavit at the council meeting held here on Monday evening last.

Coleman, Province of Alberta,

July 28, 1909

I, William John Bella, of the west of Coleman annex, known as Slav Town, do solemnly swear that I saw the several names attached to the petition each writing their own signatures, and I know that all of them are property owners in the said west Coleman and are a majority of the said property owners.

WILLIAM JOHN BELLA,
Sworn before me this 28th day of July, 1909.

ALEX CAMERON,
A commissioner for taking affidavits in and for the province of Alberta.
(Continued on page five)

THE BOARD OF TRADE MEETING

Removal of the Bluff Considered
--Members Extend Hearty Welcome to Slav Town

A meeting of the board of trade was held on Tuesday night at the usual place. Members present were, W. L. Ouimette, president; H. A. Parks, secretary; Alex Cameron, L. A. Manly, D. A. Simpson, T. W. Davies, Alex. Morrison and Rev. T. M. Murray.

The first matter of business to come up, before the board, was the blowing up of the rock bluff at the west end of town. A committee of three was appointed by the president to draft resolution to be forwarded to the provincial government regarding this matter. Those appointed on the committee were, Alex. Cameron, Alex. Morrison and L. A. Manly.

Mr. Cameron informed the board of the action taken by the town council and inhabitants of Slav Town regarding the matter of the latter joining Coleman. The action of the council in his matter was fully endorsed and brought forth many complimentary remarks from all of the members of the board.

Following Mr. Manly's wise council, a resolution, endorsing the action of the council, was adopted. This resolution appears elsewhere in this issue.

The new park for Coleman was the subject of much talk by the board, all considering that it was in all an ideal spot and would be of inestimable value to our city in particular and the whole district in general.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"We, members of the Coleman board of trade, having heard through Mr. L. (Continued on page five)



Cabinet Cigar Store AND Barber Shop

We have the largest and most up-to-date stock in the Pass of
Tobaccos, Cigars, Pipes and Fancy Goods for Smokers, at the very Lowest Prices

There is no end to the varieties we carry

We have also added a repair outfit to our business and we are now prepared to mend any pipe you can bring to us

M. E. GRAHAM, Pro.

Notice of Dissolution

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between, Frank Manifold & Frank Demousties carrying on business as General Merchants, at Blairmore, Alberta, under the name of Blairmore Grocery Store; was this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All debts owing to the said partnership to be paid to Frank Manifold, and all claims against the said partnership are to be presented to the said Frank Manifold, by whom the same will be settled.

Dated at Blairmore, Alberta, this 28th day of July 1909.
Frank Manifold,
Frank Demousties

We carry a full line of Hardware, House Furniture, Crockery, Fishing Tackle and all kinds of sportsmen's outfits.

Our prices are reasonable and our goods strictly first-class

Plumbing a Specialty.

Coleman Hardware Co.

BOWSER IS NOT A HERO

Wife Concludes That He Can Only Be "Just Bowser."

TELLS OF HIS BRAVE DEED.

Interviewed by Three Representatives of the Press and Treated With Insulting Levity—He Falls Asleep on the Couch.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

WHEN Mr. Bowser came home to dinner the other evening it was evident that he was on the rush, and he had scarcely got his head inside the door when he called out to Mrs. Bowser: "If dinner is not on the table, hurry it up as fast as you can."

"You can sit down at once. Have you got to go back to the office or somewhere this evening?"

"No, but I expect half a dozen callers. Some of them may be here within ten minutes."

"I hope it isn't politics," said Mrs. Bowser as they got seated at the table.

"I've got nothing to do with politics."

"And the callers you expect are not coming to sell you an auto, a balloon or anything of that sort?"

"Certainly not."

"And you are not going to take boxing lessons again and be knocked clear across the garret and left for dead?"

Mr. Bowser flashed up and glared at her across the table and for a moment

seemed inclined to explode. Then he caught himself and cooled down and replied:

"I suppose I must explain, though I hate to be talking about myself. The car was crowded this morning, and I rode on the rear platform."

"And some one stepped on your feet?"

"No, ma'am. We had got down to Beach street when the car stopped for a lady to get on. She was in the act when the car started. But for me she would have been dragged under the wheels and crushed."

"You rang two bells for the car to stop, did you?"

"Of course not. I am not ringing bells on a blamed old street car. I reached down and seized the lady and lifted her on to the platform by main strength and thus saved her from certain death."

"That was grand!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowser. "I am proud that you had such presence of mind."

"I always have it. It belongs to the Bowser family—that is, to the male members of it. I shudder of it, but I am not rattled even in an earthquake."

"Well, the lady was grateful, of course?"

Called a Hero.

"Of course," she called me a hero and all that, took my address and said that she would see that the public learned all about me. In other words, she intended to notify half a dozen of the newspapers and have them send representatives over here this evening to interview me and publish my picture and the full particulars of the heroic rescue."

"Why, dear, it will be another Bluns case."

"The Bluns case won't be in it. All he did was to stay on the Republic with a lot of others and work his wireless apparatus. He simply had to stay. If he had tried to sneak away the captain would have had him in irons. The Bluns case makes me tired."

"You were certainly a hero," said Mrs. Bowser as she glanced at him admiringly. "In reaching down to seize the lady you might have plucked beads from the yawning abyss. Her weight might have torn your arm off. The hind end of the car might have lifted up at that critical moment and driven your head through the roof. Why didn't you telephone me as soon as you reached the office?"

"Humph! I should think you had lived with me long enough to know that I am not one who blows his own horn. I even hope that no reporters will come. I don't want to be called a hero for a simple act of duty."

"Will they want my picture too?"

"Eh? What? Your picture? What for?"

"Why, I am Mrs. Bowser, the wife of the great hero."

"But what in thunder does the public care about that? You're my wife, of course, but don't you go butting in on this thing. There's a ring at the bell, and I'll go right up."

Strange Queries From Reporter.

It was a reporter from one of the dailies. He introduced himself, made

sure that he had struck the right hero and was then taken into the library. After making ready he began:

"Mr. Bowser, were you ever taken in on a confidence game?"

"What do you mean?" was the reply.

"Well, for instance, did you ever bet on three cards and lose as it is called?"

"I don't understand your asking such a question, sir."

"Not! Then let me inquire at what age you began to lose your hair and what remedies, if any, you have tried for your baldness?"

"Look here, young man," said Mr. Bowser as he rose up, "if you have come here to insult me you can get right out. What has my hair or my baldness got to do with this interview?"

"Why, a great deal. The lady you assisted on to the car this morning has a sure remedy for baldness, and she wanted me to tip you off before you fell into the hands of any swindler."

"You go to the devil, and I'll be glad that I don't throw you out! The idea of such talk to me, and in my own house at that!"

"Oh, well," said the young man, "if that is the way you feel about it I'll withdraw. I hoped to make a couple of columns of your story, but there are many disappointments in this profession. Good night to you."

Mrs. Bowser was in the sitting room, and the door being open, she had heard every word. Mr. Bowser knew this, and he had to face her, but when he finally did he found her deeply interested in a book—so deeply that she simply glanced up and said:

"If there is a call for your photograph I have them right here."

Again insulted by the Press.

Then the bell rang again, and a second young man was admitted. He anxiously asked if Mr. Bowser would submit to an interview, and upon being answered in the affirmative a great load seemed to be lifted from his mind. When pad and pencil had been fished from his pocket he smilingly began:

"Mr. Bowser, did you or did you not on a certain occasion get up in the morning and put your day shirt on over your nightshirt and wear it thus all day?"

"What do you mean, sir?" was demanded.

"Why, it is claimed that all great heroes are absentminded, and I wanted to see how it was with you. We may let that pass, however, and I will ask you if your father had a short and stocky figure the same as you have. The 'day' whose life you so heroically saved this morning, noticed your figure and asked me to be particular about it. She said it seemed to her that you had jumped off the roof of a barn some day and teleported your legs."

Escorted to the Door.

"I will escort you to the door, sir," said Mr. Bowser in a low, tense voice.

"But this interview is hardly begun."

"This interview will take place when we meet on the street!"

"Sorry, very sorry," was going to give you the whole front page in the morning, and now we must fill it with a condensed mild advertisement. If you change your mind within an hour please telephone me."

Mr. Bowser expected to see a smile on Mrs. Bowser's face and hear something to humiliate him, but nothing took place. Even the cat seemed to have missed the golden opportunity. When the bell rang for the third time the interview began at the door by Mr. Bowser asking:

"Well, sir, what do you want?"

"I am from the Daily Star," was the reply of the reporter.

"Well?"

"If you are Mr. Bowser, the hero, I want to ask you if you ever tried keeping a pig in the city?"

"Sir?"

"And if the pork cost you 48 cents a pound?"

The door was opened, the reporter shoved out on to the steps, and Mr. Bowser limped back into the sitting room and fell on the lounge and stretched out his back. No one spoke. No one moved. The quietness of death prevailed for ten minutes, and then his breathing told that he was asleep. Mrs. Bowser watched over and saw a tear on either cheek and bent down and kissed them away and whispered to herself:

"Poor man, he would be a hero if he could, but he can't be. He can only be just Bowser." M. QUAD.

Missing His Calling.

His Lucky Coin.

Woman the Waitress.

Thinking It Over.

Don't you want to be in history?

"I don't know," answered Senator Borghum. "I never found any special satisfaction in the idea of worrying posterity with book agents trying to sell my biography."—Washington Star

WIND AND WAVES.

A Gale's Action Upon Water, Desert Sand and Prairie Snow.

"There are wind waves in the water, sand and snow. The great sea waves are produced at that part of a cyclone where the direction of the wind coincides with the direction of advance of the depression. Along this line of advance the waves in their progress are accompanied by a strong wind blowing across their ridges as long as the atmospheric depression is maintained. So the waves are developed until they become steep. The average height of the waves is about half the velocity of the wind in miles."

A wind of fifty-two miles an hour gives waves of an average height of twenty-six feet, although individual waves will attain a height of forty feet. The prevailing wind in all longitudes is westerly, so wherever a westerly wind springs up it finds a long westerly swell, the effect of a previous wind still running, and the principal effect of the newly born wind is to increase the steepness of the already running swell, and there are therefore no majestic storm waves, which sometimes attain a length of 1,200 feet from crest to crest. The longest swell waves are almost invisible during storms, for they are masked by the shorter and steeper waves, but they emerge into view after or beyond the storm."

The action of the wind to drift dry sand in a procession of waves is seen in the deserts. As the sand waves cannot travel by gravitation, their movements are entirely controlled by the wind, and they are therefore much simpler and more regular in form and movement than ocean waves. In their greatest heights of several hundred feet the former become more complex owing to the partial condensation of the lower layers of sand by pressure, but they still have the characteristic wave features."

In the Winnipeg prairies of Canada the sand waves are drifted by wind in a procession of regular waves, progressing with a visible and ghostlike motion. They are similar to desert sand waves, but less than half as steep, the wave length being fifty times as great as the height. The flatness of the wind formed snow waves affords a valuable indication of the great distance to which hills are sheltered from the wind.—Chicago Tribune.

Too Good To Be Well.

A London Hospital Doctor's Hurry Paid.

The accident bell at the door of the hospital clangs, and the next moment an agitated parent is seen running down the passage with a child tucked under the arm, its bare legs streaming behind it in the wind of its mother's rapid flight.

"What's the matter, missus? Has she swallowed some poison?"

"No, sir; it ain't that," she pants, "but I'm afraid I don't know 'ardly which way to turn."

"Well, but what's happened? Has she hurt herself?"

"No, sir, and 'er father's that up-set 'e couldn't do nothing, else I 'ud used to running like that, and 'er 'ave brought 'er up, but 'e says 'as 'er 'arent touch 'er, and I've run all the way, and she's still crying."

"Come, now, missus, just tell me quietly what's the matter with the child."

The patient, a pretty little thing of four, looks inquiringly at her alarmed parent. There seems to be little the matter with her.

"It's all very well 'er self 'ere and 'er mother, but 'e is to be quiet," cries the mother. "If 'er 'nd children of 'er own 'er wouldn't like 'er to 'em die afore 'er eyes. Oh, dear, oh, dear, and there ain't only two more and the baby!"

The doctor in despair examines the little girl, but fails to discover anything wrong. "Now, look here," says he firmly, "if 'er 'nd anything the matter with your child, so 'er 'ave to go away unless you tell me why you brought 'er up to the hospital."

"Well, doctor, we was all a-bavin' our feet a minute ago as it 'ud be, and 'er father was eatin' a nice bit of tripe as was over from dinner when Susy, this one I 'ave with me, says 'as 'er loved God and was goin' to 'eavin' when he died. What! 'er eyes of horror. 'Ain't 'er goin' to give 'er no medicine?"

His Lucky Coin.

In one of his Hibbert lectures Max Muller said to the students: "Many of you, I suspect, carry a halfpenny with a hole in it for luck. I am not ashamed to do so myself, and I have carried it for many years. The case was cited by him in his lecture as an illustration of 'survivals' from primitive fetishism, but on his own account Max Muller confessed that sometimes he had left home without this halfpenny talisman he felt 'very uncomfortable' until his safe return."

Woman the Waitress.

"A woman," remarked the wise widow, "is always waiting for a husband."

"Do you figure that out?" queried the interested splinter.

"If she isn't married," answered the w. w., "she is waiting to get one, and if she is she's waiting for him to come home."—Chicago News.

His Finish.

"Did you ever complete your education?"

"No; my wife did."—Houston Post.

Cruselly Frank.

He—How is it you are always out when I call? She—Just luck.—Life.

GIANT TREES.

The Eucalyptus of Australasia is a Valuable Asset.

When seen for the first time the eucalyptus forest of the Antipodes and the southwestern part of Ireland are the most imposing, rugged and man's neglect have done the work of neglect, and places dear to the hearts of Ireland's sons, at home or exile, are fast crumbling into decay."

In this connection may be mentioned the little Roman Catholic chapel of Garrynaboy, a quaint hamlet within a few miles of the picturesque town of Killybeg in the County Clare. This little edifice dedicated to the worship of God was built in 1812, when its people taking advantage of the relaxation of the penal laws, moved once more into the open and dared to aspire to the right of public worship.

Close by, but more secluded, stood the old thatched Chapel of Sean Tighe in an Alfrin—the old house of the mass where the people of the surrounding districts of Clare and Tipperary were wont to assemble during all that long, dreary night of persecution and when the ancient parochial churches of the neighborhood were either appropriated or destroyed, to assist at the great sacrifice and hear the Word of God, while sentinels kept watch from the surrounding hills.

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ERIE'S RUINS CRUMBLE.

Famous Chapel in Garrynaboy Village Now Near Decay.

Slowly but steadily the historic landmarks which dot the western and southwestern part of Ireland are the most imposing, rugged and man's neglect have done the work of neglect, and places dear to the hearts of Ireland's sons, at home or exile, are fast crumbling into decay."

In this connection may be mentioned the little Roman Catholic chapel of Garrynaboy, a quaint hamlet within a few miles of the picturesque town of Killybeg in the County Clare. This little edifice dedicated to the worship of God was built in 1812, when its people taking advantage of the relaxation of the penal laws, moved once more into the open and dared to aspire to the right of public worship.

Close by, but more secluded, stood the old thatched Chapel of Sean Tighe in an Alfrin—the old house of the mass where the people of the surrounding districts of Clare and Tipperary were wont to assemble during all that long, dreary night of persecution and when the ancient parochial churches of the neighborhood were either appropriated or destroyed, to assist at the great sacrifice and hear the Word of God, while sentinels kept watch from the surrounding hills.

The eucalyptus forest of the Antipodes and the southwestern part of Ireland are the most imposing, rugged and man's neglect have done the work of neglect, and places dear to the hearts of Ireland's sons, at home or exile, are fast crumbling into decay."

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41 Meat Market

Limited

Head Office:

Pincher Creek, Alberta

Markets in—

PINCHER CREEK Alberta

BELLEVUE.

FRANK,

BLAIRMORE.

COLEMAN,

and MICHEL, British Columbia

Choice Meats

and prompt delivery is our guarantee

PACIFIC HOTELMrs. J. McAlpine
Proprietress

TEMPERANCE HOTEL

Is the place to stop when
in town. Good accommoda-
tions for travellers. We
have a large sample room.

Clean, large, well lighted rooms

Table unsurpassed in the West

Hotel Coleman

MUTZ & McNEIL, Proprietors

Rates, \$2 to \$2.50 Daily

Special Rates Given by the Month

Grand Union Hotel

ADAM PATERSON, Manager

Liquors imported direct from Europe
and guaranteedSparkling Wines
Scotch Whiskey
Brandy
Gin
Ports
Cherry

Special attention to working men

\$1 50 Per Day

COLEMAN MINERPublished by The Foothills Job Print and News
Company, Limited
Subscription \$2 per Year in Advance
Advertising Rates on application
J. D. S. BARRATT, Editor and Manager

Coleman, Friday, July 30, 1909

OUR MAIL SERVICE

Coleman has at last reached that stage in which she requires more than one mail east and west a day. That she has a perfect right to demand greater service at the hands of the post office department is now recognized by all. Business interests are daily handicapped and placed in jeopardy by the lack of timely communications that are of paramount importance in facilitating business and trade.

All the year we have a local east and west (beside the passenger). We also have a company able and willing to further the interests of the Pass by carrying mails. Can not the department see that by withholding the just claim of these towns that they stand to lose a considerable portion of business men's support.

We fight for principles and leave no stones unturned in the attainment of these. Anything that is worth fighting for is worth fighting hard for.

EDITORIAL NOTES

John Baulko is not to be balked.

Percy Talbot will present in his next play, "A glimpse at Coleman's future," or "How I walloped the councillors."

Slav Town is to be designated the "Pittsburg of Canada." The nearest approach to Pittsburg is the same percentage of Slavs.

The world is dazzled by a Socialist premier of France; but has it heard of the Socialist member for the Rocky Mountains?

We have already received many enquiries about the new gold mine just one mile and a half west of Coleman. Many people are already anxious to invest in this new industry of Coleman's.

Our town fathers are to be congratulated for securing Slav Town as a part of Coleman. Mayor Cameron is always on the alert for anything that would tend to benefit our thriving town.

We understand that the new union is negotiating with the Provincial Workmen's Association of the eastern provinces to have a thorough qualified man to come here to help organize "locals" in the west.

The new union has now over eighty check-off sheets signed by members of that union. Each one of the sheets is worth \$5.00. This means that this new union on the first pay day will receive support from this camp alone to the amount of \$400.00, which is, not so bad for the start.

The business man who thinks that he can be successful and not advertise, makes the greatest mistake conceivable. It may pay for a short time but he will miserably fail in the long run. Many of our successful business men are advertising their wares in the columns of this paper but there are still a few who (judging by everyday observations, may not be rightly classed "successful") are not advertising.

THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER

Here's what Arthur Brisbane, editor of the New York American, has to say about the local newspaper: "I should like to say, and in this you all know, I am certainly not influenced by personal interests, that the intelligent advertiser should under no circumstances neglect the importance of the local paper. Every man who sells goods, every man who tries

to convince his fellow man, knows how important the personal equation is. If you wanted to sell a man a coat, and you could get that man's intimate friend to go to him and talk to him about the coat your sale would be assured.

"The local newspaper is the local intimate friend of the people you are trying to reach in each locality. You may advertise in the big monthlies spread all over the country, you may have your picture done in beautiful colors and half tones, you may advertise in the metropolitan newspapers and break ground in a big way but you cannot get all the results, and in my opinion you cannot get the best results unless you bring to your aid the daily association of the local editor with his local readers.

"I am especially anxious to emphasize the point because I feel very deeply the importance of supporting local newspaper enterprises, and of rewarding adequately the work done by the local editor and his staff. You cannot keep this country in order, you cannot regulate or keep down its finely organized raciality, unless you have in every little town, and if possible in every little village, the local editor who is a moral policeman, using publicity as his club.

"If you kill off the local editor, by neglecting his advertising columns, you deprive his locality and the country at large of the most important feature of public defence and good government. You harm the community as you would harm the farmers if you went systematically to work starving their watch dogs to death. The local editors are the watch dogs of the local neighborhood and, in addition to that they are the real defenders of the public, they do a work that a handful of metropolitan newspapers cannot pretend to do.

"Fortunately they give you a good return, the best return for your advertisement investment, when you advertise with them widely, and they will grow in power and prosperity with the growth of intelligent advertising."

The Newspapers

The newspapers build your town, why not build up the newspapers? There is no better advertisement in the world for a town than a good newspaper. A newspaper is the barometer of a town's industry. Show us a good newspaper full of advertising and we will show you a town full of live, prosperous merchants.

Newspapers are town builders, town advertisers, fortune makers, news disseminators, sermon deliverers, prosecutors—they are a necessity, not a luxury. Without them we would regress to the medieval days. Don't patronize them from a charitable or sentimental standpoint; patronize them because they deliver the goods—that is, if they are the right kind.—Chicago Trade Journal.

DO YOU READ THE COLEMAN MINER**T. W. Davies**Carpenter and Builder of
Coleman

Wishes to thank his many friends for their kind patronage in the past and also wishes to inform the residents of Coleman and Blairmore that he has been induced to put in a stock of Caskets and will in future be prepared to undertake all arrangements for Funerals

J. Holmes

Harness and Shoemaker

His business has grown so extensively since his arrival in town that he has required larger accommodation for his throng of happy customers. To meet this requirement he has moved into the Choy block, near the Opera House, where he will be pleased to do high-class work on shortest notice

W. L. Quimette**Headquarters for Fine Clothing****"QUALITY"**

Says the boy who went a fishing:

"For bites you seldom wait
If you put upon
your fishin' hook
The proper sort o' bait."

In fishing for customers as in fishing for the fluky tribe, the bait is the main thing.

We find the best bait to land satisfied and permanent customers for our clothing department is the high-grade clothing turned out by the 20th Century Clothing Co.

Those who know it best praise it most highly.

Of course it costs a little more than ordinary clothing but there is a satisfaction in knowing that you are wearing the best that can be procured.

"QUALITY"**Boys' Suits Special to the English Dinner Ware****Ladies**

For some reason which we cannot explain, every Merchant in a small town finds the sale of Boy's Clothing slow. It should not be so—though boys should be well and carefully dressed. Good dressing has an uplifting influence. Give your boys a chance.

On Saturday we will offer 17 Boys' all Wool Suits, with double knees and double seats, sizes 29 to 33, for \$5.00 each

We are now showing the new Knit Pettecoat. It fits like a glove without wrinkling or bunching at the waist or hips. Will improve any figure and the fit of any dress skirt. Has the smallest waist band; does not gap or sag. Is light, healthful and comfortable and the only pettecoat for the new close-fitting skirts. Costs no more than the old style Pettecoat but will out wear two.

You are invited to come and see it.
Prices are \$1.75, \$2.75 and \$3.75.

Childrens' Suits

Childrens' Suits, Sizes 22 to 25. \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$4.00 each.

Lounge

The \$15.00 Lounge which we offered last Saturday was not sold. It's a bargain and some person wants it but perhaps they did not read the ad. last week and so missed it. Well, we are going to sell it, and on Saturday next offer it at \$9.00

**Printed Mus-
lins**

We have still a few of these pretty Printed Muslins. Hello White, Pink and White, Blue and White, at 3 yards for 25c

No. K 16, 87 pieces, New French Pattern, lithographed in Pink Rosebuds with Green and Gilt Scrolls—the best semi-porcelain body produced.

Price \$16.50
Many other desirable Sets in a variety of colors and qualities. Ranging in prices from \$8.50 to \$22.00

Groceries

This is one of our strong lines. We buy in large lots which enables us to sell at close prices, and we insist on having the best quality obtainable.

The Kitchener Brand of Canned Fruits and Vegetables is giving the best of satisfaction. If you are not pleased with what you have been using, try the Kitchener.

BISCUITS

Carr's Fine English Biscuits in fifteen varieties. Very choice goods at 25c to 35c per pound.

BEST QUALITY:
FLOUR
WHEAT
OATS
BRAN
SHORTS

Price is a good salesman but Quality is a better one. We have both

Our business policy in a nut shell is: Small expense, small profit and big sales

**W. L. Quimette
General Merchandise**

Advertise

In this Paper it is largely circulated all over the District. Read by over 4,000 people

WORK AND WORRY

By T. B. BRANDON

Have you ever stood by some great machine that was running and accomplishing its mechanical labor in a manner most perfect? How like a thing of life it seems, as its wheels, shafts, and parts co-operate and move in perfect harmony, its tasks to perform! Just so long as every wheel does its duty, every spring, or shaft, or bearing stays in place, all is well; but let one of the many component parts of the machine fall in its duties, and shortly, perhaps instantly, the entire organization is thrown out of proper balance, and time, effort and money is wasted.

I have often watched a shaft turning rapidly in its oil bearings. It does its work smoothly, noiselessly and efficiently. It is when one contemplates the work it does—the thousands upon thousands of times the shaft turns round in its bearings, one is filled with astonishment when he considers how much it works and how little it wears.

The secret of it lies in the fact that friction has been reduced almost to a point where it "cuts no ice," as a street gamin would put it. Friction is the great trouble maker for men as well as machines. Just as long as things are running smoothly, and no little breakdowns occur to annoy and vex us, we are hopeful and happy. Then something does occur, and there are delays, disappointments, and breakdowns, and it seems to us that the chief captain of the trouble maker has been in our business and is making merry at our expense. Then it is that we may know that something that has no business to be there has gotten in to the bearings of our existence, and through friction has caused us trouble.

In a machine of iron and steel, the bearings must be oiled, or the shaft, when not lubricated, will but the bearings, and the bearings will wear away the shaft, and the machinery will become deranged and demoralized.

In the human machine of blood and bones, the mind must be kept lubricated by the oil of optimism—the oil that quiets the troubled waters of worry. The muscles and organs must be kept oiled with the elixir of life, the essence of health so that each part will do its work properly. If this oil does not exist in the body, then the parts are injured and unbalanced by wearing unduly upon other parts and the body becomes demoralized. If the mind has not the oil of optimism, then it can see no light ahead, and it wears itself away by worry, and becomes deranged.

A machine of iron and steel will be long lived and efficient, doing good and satisfactory work so long as it is kept well oiled, and is not allowed to get into the bearings. A machine of blood and bone will also be long lived and efficient, doing good and satisfactory work so long as it keeps itself well oiled with the essence of health and keeps the sands of worry from wearing away the bearings of the brain.

Man seldom sustains injury from overwork so long as his physical and mental organism is kept free from disease, and nothing will derange physical and mental powers so quickly or so fatally to good work as worry.

The natural enemy and remover of the friction that makes trouble for the machine is cleaning and oil.

The natural enemy and remover of the worry that causes the friction in us and in our work, that retards our progress, endangers our success and destroys our happiness, is faith and hope.

Life without faith is impossible.

Existence without faith is possible, but true life, in all its fullness—normal, abundant, high-purposed, successful, worthy and joyous life—without faith is impossible.

Life without hope is hell.

Hopelessness sees no dawn, no promise, no rainbow in its sky that foretells the sunshine that follows the shower. Hopelessness is the shore of fate, made of the sands of worry. The more you worry, the higher you are stranded on the shores of hopelessness.

MORAL:—Work but don't worry.

BLACK HAND HOLDS FORTH
Michel, B. C., July 27.—Great excitement prevails here today upon the disclosures that five prominent members of the local Italian society have been threatened with instant death by the Black-Hand unless they pay \$200 to be placed at various places designated by them.

One of these was a large rock at the rear of the Catholic church. Four of the letters were received Sunday and were yesterday turned over to the provincial constables, Stephenson and Buger, who at once took charge of the

case. The time set for the deposit of the money was between ten p.m. and two a.m.

Under orders from the police several men were posted at each designated place, and fake parcels placed in the hiding places by the recipients of the letters but no attempt was made by the Black Hand gang to claim the booty. Not a member of the Italian society is working today. Everyone is armed and a determined effort is being made to assist the police in protecting the lives of their leaders. A meeting is being held this afternoon by the Italian society with about 350 members present.

SLAV TOWN CASTS IN ITS LOT WITH COLEMAN

(Continued from page one)

The agreement is certainly very favorably to our Slav Town friends as they will be at once placed in as good a position as Coleman now stands. We congratulate Mr. Cameron and all concerned of an agreement of this nature, which must be of great benefit to all concerned. The MINER extends a warm welcome to our friends of the western suburb on becoming a part of a greater Coleman and sharing in her prosperity.

On Tuesday a meeting of the board of trade, Mr. Cameron explained the action of the council in detail and wound up with saying, "we intend to carry out this agreement to the letter and would be pleased to have any comment from this board which they may see fit to make." After a full discussion the board passed the following resolution:

"We, the members of the Coleman board of trade do endorse the action of the city council and the contract made by them with the citizens of Slav Town, and that we further endorse any expenditure which may be made in this contract and that it may be carried into effect as speedily as possible."

Echos From Frank

G. Schudel, of Walkerton, Ont., has come up to work in A. V. Lang's store. Mrs. Birmingham and family, of Kingston, Ontario, are visiting Dr. Malcolmson.

Fred N. Fowler, has purchased the barbering business of Joe Furshon. He is finding business good.

A. V. Lang has returned from the coast, looking in his usual good form. He had a big time while down by the sea.

Lawrence Ryan is now working in Cunickshank's grocery store. Lawrence is a hustler and is liked by everybody.

Mrs. Porteous, wife of the celebrated doctor of the Verdon asylum, is staying with her sister, Mrs. T. B. Martin.

Our city council are contemplating grading Dominion avenue. The heavy showers of rain during the early part of this week have made this extremely necessary.

Mrs. McPhail, wife of the Rev. Mr. McPhail who was Presbyterian minister here just after the slide, was visiting Dr. Malcolmson.

The rivers are as high now as during the spring. This will spoil the fishing again. This is certainly too bad as there is quite a number of ardent fishermen in this district.

THE FIRST CHURCH FOR BLAIRMORE

Opened on Sunday—Rev. James Sargent the Promoter—W. J. Budd Pays of Debt

The dedication services were held in the new Baptist Church at Blairmore on Sunday morning and evening last, and were largely attended.

The services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. McLaren of Calgary, and Rev. James Sargent, the pastor. Rev. Sutherland also assisted at the morning service.

On Monday evening a social was held in the church at which refreshments were served and an excellent programme was provided, consisting of songs, speeches and musical selections. Those who assisted in the programme were, Miss M. Howard and J. Smith, violin solos; G. N. C. Cooke, solo, accompanied by Miss Conrold and Miss Lochwood, solo; while bright and spicy speeches were made by Rev. Mr. McLaren of Calgary, Rev. F. J. Hunter of Pincher Creek and Rev. James Sargent and Rev. Sutherland of Blairmore. The evening passed off splendidly. The attendance being large and everybody enjoying themselves immensely.

It was announced on Sunday that the debt on the church for which no provision had been made was \$325 and the hope expressed that this debt would be wiped out by voluntary subscriptions. The hope of the pastor was realized Monday night when W. J. Budd came forward and learning the amount still unsubscribed was \$235, very generously handed in his cheque, making up the deficiency, gladdening the hearts of the pastor and the able workers. Mr. Budd has certainly proved himself a great friend of the church, and the generous action was highly appreciated.

The new Baptist church is one of the best if not the finest church in the Pass, and Blairmore has much to be proud of and thankful for. Too much cannot be said of the energy and progressiveness of the pastor, Rev. James Sargent in his untiring efforts in bringing to a successful termination the building of Blairmore's first church and the best and finest commodious in the Crows Nest Pass.

THE BOARD OF TRADE MEETING

(Continued from page one)

A. Manly that Mr. A. C. Flummerfelt had under consideration a desire to present to the citizens of Coleman an athletic park, also the ravine to the north of town, we desire to express our high appreciation of such a generous act and pledge ourselves to secure the necessary funds to make the park and ravine an attractive and artistic spot for our citizens and the whole district, and that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to Mr. A. C. Flummerfelt and Mr. H. N. Galer.

The board voted that Mr. Evans' application for membership be accepted. Rev. T. M. Murray moved and J. W. Davies seconded that the provincial government be asked to erect a telephone booth in the town for the use of the public—carried.

Answering Rev. T. M. Murray's enquiries concerning much needed improvements at the cemetery the board promised to take some steps towards effecting same and report at an early meeting.

Meeting adjourned.

Telephone 1 06

Calls up the

West End Livery

Where you get the best turnout in the town

Double and Single Drivers and easy gaited Saddle Horses

Wood always on hand

Sole local Agents for McGillivray Creek Coal & Coke Co.'s coal

Contract and Heavy Team Work a Speciality

We are here to please the people and all we ask is a trial, no matter how small—"No order too big, none too small."

Miller & Sanvidge

Mid Summer Sale

Twenty per cent Discount off all White Shirt Waists for this week
See our tables of Shirt Waists at 50c, 75c, \$1

We have just received a shipment of travellers' Samples consisting of Childrens' Dresses, in all colors and sizes. Also boys' Wash Suits and odd Blouses. We offer these at less than the regular wholesale price.

See Our Men's Two-Piece Suits

We offer \$12 Suits for \$9, \$10 Suits for 7.50. These are strictly up-to-date and the correct thing for the warm weather. Better secure one before they all go.

Coleman Mercantile Co.

Dealers in Limited
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Furniture, Flour and Feed

Town Lots

Leave your orders for High-Class Job Work at this Office.

Houses and Lots for Sale

in the cleanest and best town in The Crow's Nest Pass

High Grade Steam and Coking Coal

We manufacture The Finest Coke on the continent

Correspondence solicited at the Head office, Coleman

International Coal & Coke Co.

Limited

D. J. McIntyre
Post Office Building

E. Disney
Contractor and Builder

Brick, Lime, Hard Wall Plaster, Coast Flooring, Mouldings, Doors and Windows always on hand.

Lumber of all Kinds

T. Ede

BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC
Blairmore - - - Alberta

DR. JOHN WESTWOOD
Physician and Surgeon
Office: Miners' Union Hospital, 2nd Street
Hours: 9-10 a.m. 4-5 and 7-8 p.m.

Oats! Oats!! Oats!!!

Oats for sale at \$35.00 per ton. By M. G. GORDEN, Lundbeck, Alta.

The Bellevue Orchestra
Open to engage for Balls, Dances, Concerts, Banquets, etc. Any size orchestra supplied. For terms apply

W. H. CHAPPELL, Secretary, Bellevue.

READ THE COLEMAN MINER

Happenings at Blairmore

Nothing new in town, but the rain this week.

Mrs. R. Green left for an extended visit to Montreal on Saturday last.

Mrs. Shaw of Calgary, is visiting at her parents, Mrs. Murphy's, this week.

Mrs. H. S. Politor of New Westminster, B. C., who has been visiting here left for her home Monday.

Thomas P. Cyr and Paul Tibbodeau have just returned to Blairmore after visiting Spokane and several of the Montana cities.

The school board met on Tuesday and authorized the purchase of ten lots adjoining the school grounds, making a full block for school purposes. The grounds will be fenced and tenders have been called for.

OFFICE AT SMITH BLOCK

The Lawyer Used It For More Than His Legal Business.

By LUCY POOLE.

(Copyright, 1905, by Associated Literary Press.)

It had always been reported around town that C. L. Taylor was a wealthy man. When he appeared at the general meeting place, Hinkham's grocery, all the men would shift their wads and straighten their hats out of deference as he seated himself on the best cracker barrel by the store and planned his feet on the warmest spot.

But the swift, horrible accident had silenced the jovial Crockett, and his estate had been revealed to the public's horrified gaze as absolutely worthless.

Mrs. Taylor had been prostrated completely. Janet had struggled as she could, but after all the funeral expenses had been paid her little store of banknotes had dwindled away to a pathetic few.

"Now, Burt," she explained eagerly to her masculine friend, lawyer and devoted lover, "it is a case of sheer necessity, you see. We will only have \$10 a month from the farm, and that won't even pay my doctor's bills."

"Janet," began the young man, his voice husky with the emotion he tried to suppress—"Janet, I'm in good business now, and your father had given me his consent, so why won't you let me help you in this time of trouble? You know I—"

"Yes, I know, Burt," answered the girl gently, "but it is impossible. Now, my plan is this: At college I took all the four prizes for the best essays and had good success with the college weekly and annual."

Burt could hardly hide a smile. This young slip of waist good talking of \$30 a month paid for her literary work! Poor child, she did not realize that college weeklies and city daily papers differ strikingly in their demands.

But one simply could not argue with Janet. Her radiant beauty was her strongest weapon, and Burt left her in high spirits.

"Burt, I shall depend on you for the addresses of all the best papers and magazines in the city," she called to



"NEVER LET ANYTHING SEPARATE YOU AND ME."

him as he strode down the walk. "And don't forget to read every line I publish," came indistinctly to his ears as he turned the corner to the station.

Burt Harold was tied to his office day and night for three weeks, scarcely having time to snatch a bit to eat or an hour's rest. Yet the dainty, dark beauty of Janet's charming face floated tantalizingly before the dusty lawbooks or the tiresome documents.

He did not hear a word from her since he had mailed the addresses, and he wondered whether he could have been mistaken and Janet's work was actually making good. On the Saturday of a third week he locked the door of Office A, Smith block, and took the train down to the village to gladden his mother's heart by sight of himself and his eyes by a sight of Janet.

He found the girl pale and quiet, with very little to say. It was not until the end of the call that he had the courage to ask about her literary work. At his first word the unnatural calm gave way and she cried like a child.

"It's no use, Burt," she sobbed. "I've tried and tried, but everything comes back with a polite 'Of no use,' and I know it is just because they don't read my work."

Burt was sorely tempted. Had he followed his own inclination he would have gathered the girl into his strong arms and bidden the senseless editors go wherever they pleased. But this was out of the question. "I'll tell you, Janet," he said soothingly—"give me your work and I'll take it back with me tomorrow and see what I can do."

And so the matter rested, and Burt returned to his office with a roll of classical raptures, such as "The Lush Marsh Where the Cows Stood Knee Deep to Cowslips" and other totally unseemly works of his ambitious sweetheart.

He took up another story and read through one long outburst over "a full

blown apple orchard, where the busy bee doth ply his trade." "Awful, awful!" he said to himself. "But what can you expect from a college girl? Why, I can't even doctor those lists of adjectives up. They are only fit for the wastebasket."

The next day brought a brief letter to Janet.

"Dear Janet—Inclosed will find a check for \$10 I sold your 'Apple Orchard in Full Bloom' at the office of Office A, Smith block. It's an agency for short stories, and they will take anything you will send them. Don't know what magazines they use, but their work goes all over the country. Congratulations on your great luck. As ever,

BURT.

The next time Burton visited his mother in the village it was several months after the above letter.

Janet was radiant, glowing and, above all, tender. She confided to him that she received from \$25 to \$30 for every article and often \$25 for a story and that she made as high as \$40 a month.

Everything was rose colored now and burned to a deeper hue when Janet whispered at the gate, "You can ask me anything you please now, Burt, dear," and he rode back to the city, his cheek tingling under the rosy seal she had set there as a safeguard against all danger.

It was not long when Mrs. Harold was suddenly taken ill. In her condition she needed loving care, so Janet went down to stay with the gentle old lady, who, she thought, would not live to the little wedding planned for June.

Burt came home on Saturday, and the feeble old lady watched the couple with dimmed eyes and many softly breathed prayers. Toward night her breathing grew more and more labored, and the end was not far away.

"Janet, dear," she whispered painfully—"Janet, promise me now, dear, that you will never let anything separate you and Burt."

The girl kissed her wonderingly and responded softly.

"Doctor," went on the trembling, tired voice, "how much longer have I here with my children?"

"I cannot tell, my dear madam," answered the ancient doctor, with a "care in his eyes. "Perhaps a few hours."

"Burton, my darling boy," went on the loving tones, "lean over me, my son. You and Janet must be married now. I cannot go peacefully until I know my boy has a comforter. Here comes Dr. McCleod, and he will marry you now!" And the voice trailed off.

Without waiting to consult Janet, Burton stepped to her side, and in a few moments the service was over and the dying woman had placed her trembling hands on his forehead and passed peacefully to the land where sorrow is never known.

A month or so after his mother's death Burt decided to move back to the city, where he could be at home every night. So Janet went to the little home to pack up the dead mother's boxes. It was a sad task, and Janet's eyes overflowed with tears, for she had loved the dear old lady as a daughter.

In going through the ancient desk she found a large package marked in the delicate old-fashioned hand, "For my son Burton, to be opened after his marriage with Janet." Janet fingered it curiously, but slipped it into her bag unopened. When in their copy library that night she brought it to her husband, saying:

"Burt, dear, do open this. I am so curious."

A queer smile passed over her husband's face as he broke the string and out rolled all the well remembered manuscripts of Janet's. "The Apple Orchard in Full Bloom" and others.

"Burt," she cried to surprise—"Why, Burton, how on earth did your mother ever get these?"

"I never did," he answered, holding her closely to his arms. "My office is Office A, Smith block, and mother and I were the short story company that published all your work."

Went Around the Spot.

Before Bismarck reconstructed the map of Europe and made a united Germany a dozen little principalities used to annoy travelers by stopping them at their frontiers until they had satisfied the custom house demands. A Yankee once had his carriage stopped at the frontier of a petty prince's country. The Herr Ober (controller at the custom house) came forward and, much to his indignation, was received in a condescending way. The Yankee was ungenerously enough not to get out of his carriage or even to take off his hat. The Herr Ober sharply demanded:

"Here! Hands off!" shouted the Yankee, did not come from the United States of America to be controlled by you. Put those trunks back. I'll not go through you or all. I'll turn back. I'm in no hurry and don't care for losing a day. You're no country! You're only a spot. I'll go around you!" And he did.—London King.

More in the Family.

Catherine's maternal grandmother died suddenly, and she found it hard from the three-year-old point of view to understand the new order of things.

A few days after the funeral she was sent to visit an old family friend that her mother might enjoy a day of uninterrupted quiet. Very seriously she related how the old post her grandma in a deep black hole and no body could see her any more.

Her hostess was profuse in her expressions of sympathy and tried to suppress the little one that she too would miss her grandmother very much.

"Oh, don't let it worry you," she exclaimed. "I've got another one!"—New York Times.

AN INDIAN SHOOT.

Some of the Glories of the Hills in the Eastern Empire.

It was the hills that made the place a paradise. A mile to the north and south of the town, says a writer in The Cornhill, were great expanses of water covered with pink and purple lotus flowers, haunted by innumerable swallows, and encompassed by wide stretches of swampy ground that held the snipe all through the season.

In the background rose giant and splintered hills, a chaos of rose-colored loam and rock that belovell of in the lemon-green of the plain. Behind them towered the thickly forested ranges of the Eastern Ghats that extend far west into the central provinces, and whose highest peaks, Deva Giri (4,900 feet) and Mahendra Giri (5,130 feet) overlook Parakimedi to the north and south.

The distance of five miles of the country lies in the blending and compromise of opposites. In one promontory of smooth rock jutting into the rice fields, the swampy inlet of marsh penetrating into the bed-rock, and the green, barren and fertile, "the desert and the sown," the metallic glitter and soft tropic sheen of standing water, the happy relief and complement of the sun in a perpetual ebb and flow of difference may have been.

There were other hills beyond the hills, and the shooting belonged to whoever liked to take it. I had it all to myself for two seasons. The birds used to lie in the tufted grass beside the water and far out in the surrounding paddy fields, but became thinner as one went farther from the water. I took a good half-day for a single gun to go over one of these snipe grounds, and with ordinary good sport a hundred cartridges were used before noon.

When birds were thick, if one cared to go over the ground twice it was easy to do so. I doubt if there was an alternative of putting out on the hill for duck. With much calling and holloing I used to bring in a few of the picturesque fishermen who plied their canoes all day among the lotus flowers, setting their wicker traps and leaning over their prow intent on spearing roil, alert as kingfishers. Two of their dug-outs were roped together and one sat on a connecting thwart with a leg in each.

After a few shots other fishermen would come in from distant parts of the hill and help to beat up the duck or retrieve the wounded. They had a genius for spearing birds as they placed in the weeds and came up for a second to breathe. Shooting alone one had to work hard for six brace; but thick as the ducks were, there were no islands on the hill, and no cover to speak of. For a moment or two when they were clustered, and turned back over one needed a second gun. Then one might wait long for another shot. Still every day brought its peculiar chances, and one was held on the hill by a subtle fascination till sunset, when all the lotus flowers, pinkish and purple, took on the same torchlike glow.

AN ARCHBISHOP'S TOMB.

Ottawa Prelate Is Laid in Costly Crypt in the Basilica.

A notable ceremony in Ottawa recently was the interment of the late Archbishop Duhamel, of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Ottawa, in the magnificent crypt in the Basilica. The cathedral church was heavily draped with black, and the interior was lighted with hundreds of tapers illuminating the gloom of the stately edifice, which was crowded to suffocation during the service.



ARCHBISHOP DUHAMEL'S TOMB.

The ceremony occupied some three hours, commencing at 9 o'clock with mass which was celebrated by the papal delegate, Mgr. Barretti, assisted by Canons Cambeau and Rouillon. The English oration was delivered by Archbishop McEvoy, of Toronto.

After the final requiem ceremony the remains of the late archbishop were taken from the sanctuary to the basement of the church and were placed in a metal casket and laid in a crypt directly beneath the altar, where the remains of the late Bishop Giguere also repose. Only the clergy and the members of the late archbishop's family were present at this ceremony.

The funeral procession formed by the many clergy was a long one. Arrived at the crypt, after brief prayer, the casket was put in place and was surrounded with cypress, then the marble slab which closed the opening was again placed in position and the crypt was sealed, and the last act in the obsequies of the late reverend prelate was consummated.

The crypt in which the remains of Archbishop Duhamel are deposited was built some 35 years ago and cost \$20,000. It is only for the two ecclesiastics now buried beneath it.

Abolishing Distance.

With a flying-machine capable of traveling 80 miles an hour, practically no distance would be within a day's journey of Berlin.

GARDNER FEELS SAD.

Limelink Club President Laments Passing of the Simple Life.

LONGS FOR GOOD OLD DAYS.

Brother Jones, Samuel Shin, Whitewash Johnnie and Waydown Bebees are advised to Mend Their Ways Before It Is Too Late.

(Copyright, 1905, by Associated Literary Press.)

"My frens," began Brother Gardner of the Limelink club, the other evening after the routine business of the meeting had been disposed of, "I do not wish to be critical, but as of days go by I find myself lamentin' mo' de passin' of de simple life of forty or fifty years ago. I was brung up in de old-fashioned way, and



"FIN HERE BROWN AND HER DRESSER TITTED BY A MAN."

I can't git used to dese newfangled nohuns. Seems like de world had gone on and left me behind. Seem like I had been laid up on de shelf wid old fashioned things to dry out and become dust."

"It makes me powerful sorry to note dat de culd people an' cuttin' away from de simple life fur mo' den de white folks. Forty years ago after my father's work was done I sot down by my cabin doah and played de banjo and was mighty glad to know dere was taters and co'n meal in de house for breakfast. Nine o'clock was my bedtime, and I was up at 6 in de mornin'." If a white man comes along while I was workin' in de garden it wasn't any strain on me to talk wid him. I didn't have to rack my brain fur big words. Sometimes I had hard cider to drink, but most of de time was only water. If fried ogsters and lobster salad had been invented in dese days I had not heard of 'em. If I had come to de barber shop and had a hair cut Mrs. Gardner would have thought de judgment had come. If I had come in and found her manicurin' her nails my knees would have wabbed.

"In dese good old days we ate off of tin plates. If company dropped in on an evenin' buttermilk was thought good food to pass around fur refreshments. We all talked, but nobody lugged in Shakespeare and de dictionary. Nobody azzed himself to git up and read de barter book or de patent leather shoes to shone into view. And when de company had departed, Mrs. Gardner and me didn't sit up de rest of de night pitchin' into 'em and tryin' to make out dat dey was on de way to de poohouse."

A Good Life.

"It was a simple life, but a good life. You cut your own grass and you had de garden overnight and dey were right dar in de mornin'. You could leave de doah of your hencoop unlocked and de hens would be dar next day. If we traded merica we panted out de sparrows, and we neber come home at night and found dat de ole woman had shipped out wid some odder man. We didn't know suffin about politics and we keered less. When we met up wid a strange man we didn't wonder how much hoochie he had got away wid, but took him as an honest pusion and gin him a shake."

"In dese ole days when Sunday come I took Mrs. Gardner on my arm and walked a mile or mo' to de meetin' house. We all sot down on hard benches. We all 'fined in de singin'.

De preacher didn't squint and peek around befo' beginnin' his sermon to see how many rich sinners was present. He didn't have to find fault or de roasin' place, but he put us all in de same pen. It was fine de church or sulphur and brimston fur rich and poor alike."

"Dar was newspapers in dese days, and once in awhile I got hold of one and spelled de words out. Dey spoke respectfully of de government; dey didn't pick no pictures for de babies; you might read a dozen and not find a society scandal. Husbands and wives 'peared to be satisfied wid each other, and dere wasn't any talk 'bout members of de legislature sellin' deir votes. If de papers differed wid a man's politics dey didn't call him a liar and a house thief to show dat dey were right. My frens, dese was de times when we was what is kin you blame an ole man fur lamentin' dat de day has

passed nebbin' to return? No mo' de simple life. It was too slow fur dis generation. It was too old fashioned fur de last. Today when de culd man lives in a pole house five miles from anywhere an expected to him de latest operatic airs and drop French words now and den.

Faults of Brother Jones.

"Befo' us yere thought an Brudder Givens, Givens. He an' one of dese who has put de simple life behind him. To keep pace wid de world he must have linen collars, a red necktie, cuffs and buttons, and dat diamond pin of his nebbin' cost less'n 75 cents. He uses hair oil; he wears blue suspenders; he pays 15 cents for his socks. At home he has a cruse and a plug hat for Sunday use. He ain't happy; he can't be happy. He simply has to do dese things to keep up wid de procession. If he should fall back eber so little he would be a goner."

"Befo' us also an Brudder Samuel Shin. I know fur a fact dat he hung to de simple life as long as he could and only gub in when he found de pressure too tight. Last week I bought some shirts for 48 cents each at a bargain sale. Brudder Shin has to pay a dollar apiece for his. De society in which he moves don't countenance bargain sales. Fur \$2 I kin buy at a secondhand store a coat dat de governor of de state has got tired of and cast aside. I kin put on dat coat de evenin' around de house on Sunday, but Brudder Shin don't try it on. If some one recognized him in de governor's secondhand coat he and his wife would take such a tumble in society dat you would feel de fur five miles around."

"Ober by de stove sits Brudder Whitewash Johnnie. I knowed him in de old days, when de simple life was good 'nuff fur him. He had no alms or ambushins to worry him. He jest worked and ate and slept and was happy. If he found a cocker in de garden he had a feelin' of jiles fur a month afterward. At length de new way of libin' took hold of his wife. He hung out fur a good while, but he had to gib in at last. His wife wanted a cushioned sofa and a rug wid a tiger on it. She wanted to go to de theater, and she wanted lobster salad befo' goin' home. She wanted de heeled shoes and her dress to be fitted by a man. Waal, she's got all dese, but do you reckon Brudder Whitewash an any happier fur it? I saw tears on his cheeks half an hour ago, so I have no redoubt dat he is thinkin' of how he would have to go home and drink wine and eat sweetcake befo' retirin'."

"Let us not overlook Brudder Waydown Bebees. He hung to de simple life until a year ago. He used to come ober to my cabin and talk about it and say he nebbin' would gib in. But he had a white man predicted. His wife and two gals pecked at him till he could stand it no longer. He had a leetle money saved up for old age and was doin' fairly well whitewashin', but his family wanted dat be goin' on of de business fur deir sakes. He had to go and git his finger nails manicured befo' dey was satisfied, and den his wife wanted to have her hair done in leather shoes. He gin up his cabin fur a flat, bought a planner fur his gals, and de hull caboodle of 'em go to de theater once a week. When I called at his place de other evn' on 'bout a week I had to send my card up in advance. When I got inside I found gilt clocks, paintings, statuary and prayer rugs layin' around loose everywhere, and Mrs. Bebe and den gals was so strained up dat I expected to hear snuthin' but ebery minit."

Bebees an Unhappy Man.

"Make no mistake, my frens. Brudder Bebees ain't no happy man. He's got to appear at de soiree some wear one night next week, and he has got to look like de owner of de Union Pacific railroad, but if de case was put to him he'd tell you dat he would a heap rather come down to my cabin, slip off his coat and shoes and sot dere and eat raw turnips wid me and feel dat he had got a pack to snare."

"I told you in de beginnin' dat I wasn't goin' to criticize. I haven't. I have simply held up some pictures to your gaze. If you like dis newer way of libin' it be o'kay fur me to find fault. I reckon de good Lawd put us yere to lib 'bout as we wanted to, and if you want clawhammer coats and lobster salad dat be fur you to say. My ole woman has lately taken to wantin' a blue parlor set and a clock wid a Cupid on top, and dere have been reports dat I wab gibin' in to her. I brand 'em as false. De simple life fur me while I lib, and dar will alius be pumpkin pie and a glass of buttermilk fur any member of dis club who draps in on an evenin'." Let us now go our devious ways."

A Scot in London.

Indignant Scot (as he reads the newspaper): "I'll gang dirty first."

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THE MUFFS MEN WORE

They Were Decked With Lace and Bows of Ribbon.

A FASHION OF OTHER DAYS.

Their Use Was Quite Common, Too, and Not Confined to Fops and Dandies—Double Muffs Were Once in Vogue—Extremes of Style in Sizes.

Muffs were invented for the use of a man. At least so the legend goes. It seems a classic shade found the air of the world so beastly cold when he ascended to earth after his death that his hands were almost frozen.

Consequently it was decreed that the slayer of the poor young gentleman should kill enough saibles—evidently saibles were appreciated even in those early days—to make a covering for the frosted fingers. He did it, and that was the origin of the muf.

Even if one is not prepared to accept this account of the first muf as authoritative there is one thing that is certain. It is only a very modern times that muffs have been the exclusive property of women. Up to the third quarter of the eighteenth century men were quite as addicted to them as women were.

In the wardrobe accounts of Henry, prince of Wales, for the year 1720, the prices of two muffs are set down. The most expensive cost £t, a very big sum in those days, and is described as being made of cloth of silver wrought with pearls, plates and fender twists of silver and gold. The other was a comparatively plain one of black satin embroidered with black silk, and its price was proportionately less, only 60 shillings.

At the time of Charles I. and Charles II. there was a curious fashion of double muffs, a small one for each hand, and a cushioned sofa and a rug wid a tiger on it. She wanted to go to de theater, and she wanted lobster salad befo' goin' home. She wanted de heeled shoes and her dress to be fitted by a man. Waal, she's got all dese, but do you reckon Brudder Whitewash an any happier fur it? I saw tears on his cheeks half an hour ago, so I have no redoubt dat he is thinkin' of how he would have to go home and drink wine and eat sweetcake befo' retirin'."

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Charging the Enemy

By MARTHA MC-WILLIAMS.

Old Gib Ezel went swinging and stamping upon his crutches down the street and up the side of the hill. He was the biggest store in town, though not the smartest. Joe Benam, who had opened up the apothecary before, just across the street, was running old Gib hard in groceries and hardware and leaving him out of sight when it came to knickknacks or dry goods pure and simple.

A man who half knew looked after old Gib, then across at the sign of his young rival, and murmured half to himself, "What a pity!" Another man who knew also looked, listened to the excitement and answered it, sticking out his chin as he spoke, "Better say, 'What a shame!'"

"What's a shame, do?" a third said, coming up behind them. Dr. Waters smiled half grimly. "I'm not quite sure. It seems to be the blip in the career of a true hero."

Lew Bayne, the man who had spoken first, shook his head energetically. "I mean that poor old fellow's legs," he said. "I suppose, doc, it's certain that he'll never walk again."

"Now you've got me," the doctor protested. "I'd risk my professional reputation that he'll get on the street again. I don't see how it can be done."

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Lew Bayne, the man who had spoken first, shook his head energetically. "I mean that poor old fellow's legs," he said. "I suppose, doc, it's certain that he'll never walk again."

"Now you've got me," the doctor protested. "I'd risk my professional reputation that he'll get on the street again. I don't see how it can be done."

Gib had it out with him; told him all about himself and his business, in and out, up and down, but the substance of it was he wanted Florie for his wife and would not be haltered off. Gib said it only he could get her, and then the old crocodile pretended to cry; said Florie was all he had to live for; he hoped Joe wouldn't press him for an answer, and then he talked of an engagement until he was either dead or himself again. You know how soft-hearted old Joe is and how he hangs on to his own side as he can. Of course he promised, never mistaking the old wretch was playing him. So there you are, Florie's working and looking good because Joe only speaks when they pass by, but doesn't come to the house. Joe's about desperate, and old Gib is fattening and getting ten years younger—on spite and crutches. What the end is to be nobody can guess.

"Can old Gib be shamming?" Merton asked. Dr. Waters shook his head. "I thought so at first," he said. "But it is it beats anything in the books. There's certainly nothing wrong with his legs, except that they're a bit flabby. It's equally as certain he can't walk on them. I think sometimes he has hypnotized himself. If it was just deceit and what I call cussedness, I would have been before this to take him off his legs. But he's not. Well, I can at least go over and console with Joe," Merton said, stepping across the street. "And maybe sympathy will be worth an order," he called back over his shoulder as he struck the store steps.

Although it was late March it was still nipping cold. A red fire roared in the base burner inside old Gib's store. Old Gib himself sat close beside it, his eyes ranging all the miscellaneous merchandise which crowded shelves and floor. His three clerks had been on the jump all morning, but toward noon there came a lull. He was about to send two of them off to dinner when the door opened and in came Merton and Dr. Waters and Lew Bayne marching solemnly behind. Joe's face was white, his eyes brilliant, his figure tense in every line. Indeed, he looked desperate, and his voice rang hard as he said, stopping short three feet away:

"Mr. Ezel, I have come to ask you, here in the presence of these witnesses, to release me from my promise. You know well how it was given—with a total misapprehension of the truth."

"You must go with me to take my daughter as well as my trade and leave me, a cripple, to starve!" old Gib roared.

"Joe sat his teeth. 'I mean nothing of the sort!' he said. 'Give me your daughter and our home shall be yours. I will serve and care for you as I would for my own father.'"

"You won't get the chance," old Gib sneered.

Joe half turned to his friends and whispered sepulchral: "Go away! Go away! Go away!"

"Going to murder me, hey?" old Gib sniffed.

Joe stood very straight. The doctor had slunk toward the door, with his hand on his hip, and said, "You heard Joe shout: 'It is not murder! I shall give you a life to Florie from your intolerable bragging!'"

"Then they saw him fling wide the store door and dash into it what seemed like several pounds of gunpowder."

Old Gib saw it too. With one wild, whooping yell he leaped from his chair regardless of crutches, of anything but flight, rushed madly for the door, and started through it.

Until he came pausing and trembling to his own gate. As he clung there the others overtook him, as breathless as himself betwixt running and laughing.

Dr. Waters made a low bow. "If I had thought three pounds of black sand would be so effective I would have had it long ago," he said.

Merton dragged Joe forward. "If you want to kick anybody, kick me," he said to old Gib. "I put this lad, patting Joe's shoulder, 'up to playing the game on the air!'"

"Humph! I knew he didn't have the brains for it," old Gib snorted. But, though he had found his legs, he was the less old Gib. The fact was proved by his letting Joe and Florie marry almost out of hand and presenting them with both his store and his blessing.

"Bet a hat he came," Merton said, chuckling more than ever.

"You win from yourself," Dr. Waters answered. "He came, he didn't see his daughter, he went back swearing like a trooper, though he is a desecration, and he felt right before Master Joe's rig, coming back from leaving Miss Florie alone at the gate. Of course Joe picked him up and carried him home. Equally, of course, old Gib hates him for doing it. By the time I got to him next morning he was fully persuaded Joe was at the bottom of his ruin, with Florie as accessory; said they ran away and left him, hoping he'd break his neck, so Joe could be with his daughter and his store. You know he didn't take over kindly to competition anyway."

"That he didn't! Why, he even wrote to our credit man that he was a fool to let him go," Merton interrupted.

"That's like him," Dr. Waters said. "I tell you, boys, nature must work along a certain line of compensation. I'm sure she started old Gib all the small meanness due to two generations of Ezel—it may even be three. His father was a fine man, and his daughter is just as good a woman as ever was made."

"About Joe, now?" Merton queried. Dr. Waters frowned.

"Joe courted Florie with such a man that in a word they were engaged. Then he went right in to old

You Can Defy the Spring Fatigue

And nervous exhaustion, if you will make the blood rich and red by using DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

Fatigue and weakness tell of weak, watery and impure blood. Are you going to go through the usual suffering and discomfort of spring this year or take a hand in the making of your health and build up the system?

It is for you to decide, for you know that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, by forming new, rich blood, overcomes the fatigue, the weakness, the feelings of depression and discouragement which come with spring.

The nervous system is almost always exhausted in the spring. Your appetite fails, the nerves which control the appetite are exhausted, and so it is with digestion and the working of the other bodily organs.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the greatest of spring medicine because it is the greatest of nerve restorers. It forms the new red blood from which vigor, energy, and nerve force are created.

If you would restore the healthful glow to the complexion, sharpen the appetite, improve digestion, strengthen the nerves, and get rid of the wasted brain and nerve cells and round out the wasted form you must use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

No imitation just as good. There is no substitute but will disappoint. Mrs. John P. Shannon, Whiteside, N. H., writes: "I used four boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and found it an excellent medicine. It has proved to be a splendid treatment for headache and nervous system."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cts. a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A Needed Shower. Isn't that a lovely shower," exclaimed Mrs. Randall to her friend in the parlor as they gazed out from the sudden downpour.

"Yes, we need it so badly," Mrs. Randall said. "I don't like to go to the shower. It's a God-send! Why, our golden-golden, hyacinths and roses out in the back yard are shrinking for the want of rain. The spring can't take the place of rain, you know."

"Indeed not," Mrs. Randall said. "Oh, I tell you, this is just lovely! Let me tell you, and to think that when everything threatens to dry up and everyone is praying for rain, we have this shower!"

"What's the matter?" Mrs. Randall said. "We left the baby out in the yard!"

The Circle. Try Murine Eye Remedy. For Red, Weak, Watery Eyes, Gritty, Itchy, Burning, Stinging, Swelling, Pain, Is Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Contains no injurious ingredients. Try Murine for Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. Try it in Baby's Eyes for Soothing, Soothing, Soothing. Sold at 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago. Will Send You Interesting Eye Books Free.

Uncle Ezra says: "It all seems foolish to look for a needle in a haystack, but sometimes in doing it a feller has run across a nest full of ven's eggs."

Dysentery corrodes the intestines and speeds the progress of the lining, bringing about dangerous conditions that may cause death. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial clears the intestinal canal of the germs that cause the inflammation, and by protecting the lining from further ravages restores it to healthy condition. Those subject to dysentery should not be without this simple yet powerful remedy.

The Party He Belonged To. A matron of the most determined character was encountered by a young woman reporter on a country party, who was sent out to interview leading citizens as to their politics.

"I see you," she asked of a stern-looking woman who opened the door at one house.

"No, you can't," answered the matron decidedly.

"But I want to know what party he belongs to," pleaded the girl.

"The woman drew up her tall figure. 'Well, take a good look at me, she said. 'I'm the party he belongs to!'"

Don't experiment with unsatisfactory substitutes. Wilson's Fly Pad kills many more house flies than any other known article.

During the election campaign a candidate hired a cab to take him to and from a meeting at which he had to speak. At the call there was a crowd of people waiting for him to appear. He was not to be disappointed.

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A GREAT MUSEUM.

The McCord House Contains a Wealth of Canadian Relics.

On the Octo des Neiges road, out of Montreal, near where the electric cars take the highway for the Priests' Falls, there is a small, dark, simple—the most interesting house, perhaps, in Canada. For three-score years it has been the home of the Temple Grove. Behind its Doric colonnade one may come into contact with all the great churchmen, statesmen, warriors, nobles, explorers, voyageurs, and martyrs, who have been identified with Canada for the past 150 years.

The Temple is the residence of Mr. David Ross McCord, a man who has won and held for a lifetime on behalf of Canada's native land.

Charmingly located is that pretty French home among the oaks, the elms, the maples, the pines and the fragrant lilacs of Mount Royal. Its pretty Doric colonnade recalls the days when arches had not been thought of. It is a veritable poem in brick and stone and wood. Its environment of trees and flowers and shrub only adds to its beauty and its charm.

The museum is all that is not priceless treasure—treasures in oil and water color, in portraits and landscapes, in battlefields and forts, in the most interesting relics and mementoes, in letters and manuscripts; in the most interesting relics and mementoes, in letters and manuscripts; in the most interesting relics and mementoes, in letters and manuscripts.

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LONG SERVICE.

Some Remarkable Records For Domestic In Great Britain.

It is sheer nonsense to say that the modern servant is an aimless worker, said Mr. William S. the secretary of the Domestic Servants' Employment Institute, of London, E. There are, of course, black sheep among them, as in every other occupation, but my experience has taught me that as long as they are well treated servants will seek few changes.

We have on our books the names of several hundred servants who have been with their present employers for fifty years or more. A few weeks ago the following advertisement was inserted in The Times by a mistress who evidently knew how to treat a servant properly:

Cook—the late 19th April, at 8, Hamilton House, Hall Road, St. James (Lane) Cook, in her ninety-third year, for twenty-two years most faithful friend in the service of the late Mrs. John Abraham, of Clifton, and her daughter, Mrs. Carvalho.

Mrs. Cook entered the service of Mrs. Carvalho's mother, at Clifton, when she was seventeen years old, and she had celebrated her sixtieth birthday, and subsequently, when her little charge grew up and married, came to London with her as parlor maid, and remained with her until she died. For many years she had been regarded almost as a member of the family, and she had been in her long and devoted service entered her to those with whom she had lived for so many years.

Mrs. Cook's record, although one of the best, has been beaten by several others. Miss Caroline Chipp, who has taken care of her for 101 years, has been a domestic servant for over eighty years. She was awarded a pension by the institution for her long service.

But even this long term of service is not the record. Susan O'Haran, of Lisburn, near Belfast, who died in January of this year, was 107 years old when she died. She was in the service of three generations of the Hall family at Lisburn.

Race Wagers in India. The native of India wagers his money according to the color worn by the jockeys and takes no heed of the merits of the horses, or he will back a horse ridden by his favorite jockey, and he will back the animal in a rank outsider or not.

His ideas of gambling, in fact, are distinctly of the nature of the more wealthy Indians, says Tit-Bits, the form and back every horse in the ranks, and he will back the animal in a rank outsider or not.

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Some Remarkable Facts

Fine Artistic Printing

If you were ill and sent for a doctor wouldn't you have enough confidence in him to follow his instructions? Why, of course, any sane person would because he is a specialist and thoroughly understands your needs and will recommend what he knows to be best for you.

Will you not let this same reasoning apply to your needs in office and business stationery. The people that have seen our work say that we are specialists in this line. If you will put your work into our hands we will give you the best treatment possible. Our Job Work is the result of a careful study in the printing and advertising art worked out by thoroughly competent artists, with the latest styles of type and modern machinery to help them.

Plain Stationery

If it is plain private Stationery you want we have it and can supply you at a smaller price than anybody else in town.

Foothills Job Print & News Co., Ltd.

Head Office: COLEMAN, ALBERTA

S. J. WATSON of Frank

Now has the finest drug store in the Pass and it will pay you to visit us. The thrifty householder is always on the lookout for bargains. We have something real cheap every Saturday. Our fancy goods are unequalled, both for price and quality. Over \$30,000 stock to choose from. Our clerks can speak French and German. We give the most careful attention to prescriptions.

Note the address, and don't forget Saturday—bargain day.

S. J. WATSON,
Frank, Blairmore.

E. MORINO

General Contractor in
Stone, Brick, Cement, Blocks,
Excavating, Building

Coke Ovens a Specialty
All work guaranteed
See me for Estimates

Coleman Liquor Store In Your Trunk

snugly packed where its handy to get at is a good place to put a bottle of
Good Old Sherry
before leaving to take that trip. If you want to add a bottle of health invigorating Rye or Bourbon we can supply it. Our store is the proper place to get good liquors at. Prices are always reasonable.

W. EVANS

Wholesale Liquor Dealer

Saturday Specials

Spring Lamb
Spring Chicken
Fresh Turkey
Empire Creamery Butter
Fresh laid Eggs

P. Burns & Co. Limited

Coleman Livery

Every attention
given to travel-
ers and the local
public

Reliable Horses, Good Drivers
General Draying Business Done
Wm. Haley, Proprietor

For Sale

Have closed deal whereby I can sell
320 acres way grant, \$1.65 per acre.
Choose land any time up to and 1919
CAPTAIN COOPER,
Box 412, Calgary, Alberta

Coleman Laundry

Goods called for and returned
E. C. GOOEY, Proprietor

Summit Lodge, No. 30
A. F. and A. M., G. R. A.
meets first Thursday in
each month at 8 p.m. in the
Masonic hall. All visitors
brethren made welcome.
J. A. PRICE, W.M. A. M. MORGAN, Sec.

Coleman Lodge No. 1140, Fraternal
Order of Eagles
meets 2nd and last
Saturday monthly
at 8:30. Visiting
members invited.
J. GRAHAM, W. P. H. GATE, Sec.

Coleman Lodge No. 36 meets every Monday
at 8 p.m. Visiting brethren welcome.
H. CLAYTON, N.G. R. B. BUCHANAN, Sec.

Knights of Pythias, Castle
Hall, Sentinel Lodge
No. 25
Meets every alternate
Saturday in I.O.O.
Visitors welcome
C. C. THORNTON, W. P. W. T. OSWIN

MacLeod Business Cards
DR. BRUCE, SURGEON-DENTIST
Special attention to preparation of the
teeth. The most complete known to the
profession.
[Crown and Bridge work
Summerside for the perfect extraction of
teeth. The most complete known to the
profession.
Visits Coleman monthly]

CAMPBELL & FAWCETT
Barristers, Notary Publics
Office: Over Chow Sam's Restaurant
MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE

COLIN MACLEOD
Solicitor
Barrister
Etc.

MCKENZIE, McDONALD & WATT
Advocates, Notaries, Etc.
Office, Macleod. Branch at Claresholm
MONEY TO LOAN ON FARM PROPERTY
M. McKenzie, J. W. McDonald, J. E. Watt

DRAW LINE

We wish to inform the people
of Coleman that we are
prepared to do all kinds of
drawing at the shortest notice.
We have some of the
best horses in the country
and other equipment is
strictly first-class.

We solicit your patron-
age and guarantee
satisfaction

H. Villeneuve
Proprietor

Yai Lee Co. Store Restaurant
OPPOSITE OPERA HOUSE
Prepared to serve good meals
Meal Tickets, good for twenty
one Meals \$5.00

W. J. Lighthart

Plumbing
Roofing
Painting
Carpentry
Work done with neatness and dispatch
LUNDREY, A.

FOR SALE

Black Land, 160 acres, good stock
front Brown and Williams Langshan
specialists. C. J. Kerpel, \$2.00 up; eggs,
\$2.00 per set. B. G. Cook,
Pincher Station, A.

Holly and N. McSweeney
BARBERS
FIRST DOOR, EAST OF COL. WATSON
HAWK WARE
FIRST-CLASS WORK

The Largest Watch Repair Trade in the Crows Nest Pass

Official Time Inspectors for the
Great Northern Railway at Michel

If you have a good Watch, you will find it
economical to do it up in a parcel and mail it to us
and have no bother work done on it. The "make"
of your watch does not matter and our charges are
no higher than others for FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Vanguard 23 Jewels. Movement
in Fortune 20Yr. case, price \$40
Somerton Bros.

Frank Blairmore Michel

Palmer & Thomson
BARRISTERS, ETC., NOTARIES
PUBLIC
Solicitors for the Canadian Bank of
Commerce
PINCHER CREEK AND BLAIRMORE
Attend Blairmore every Thursday and
Friday

DR. J. J. GILLESPIE, M.D., C.M.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR,
Office and rooms in Scott Block
up stairs over furniture store.
Phone No. 66. ALBERTA
PINCHER CREEK

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I take this opportunity of informing
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prepared to collect accounts, debts,
etc. Anything in this line entrusted
to me will receive prompt attention.
Commissioner for taking affidavits,
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